MARVEL COMICS
TIME AND TIME AGAIN
THE NEW WARRIORS
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NIGHT THRASHER — MYSTERIOUS WEAPON AGAINST CRIME! KYMAERA — HYBRID ATLANTEAN! NOVA — THE HUMAN ROCKET! JUSTICE — TELEKINETIC FURY! FIRESTAR — MUTANT MASTER OF RADIATION! SPEEDBALL — BOUNCING BUNDLE OF ENERGY! SILHOUETTE — SHADOW TELEPORTER! RAGE — URBAN AVENGER! TOGETHER THEY ARE THE NEXT GENERATION IN SUPER TEAM EXCITEMENT!

STAN LEE PRESENTS . . . THE NEW WARRIORS!

THE STORY SO FAR:

In a maddened lust for his missing power-right, the eternal warrior known only as the SPHINX, stole half of the existing KA energy from the woman who had loved him a millennium gone by. With that renewed power, the SPHINX consigned his mortal enemy, NOVA, and his teammates, the NEW WARRIORS, to different places throughout the timestream.

And now...

TIME AND TIME AGAIN

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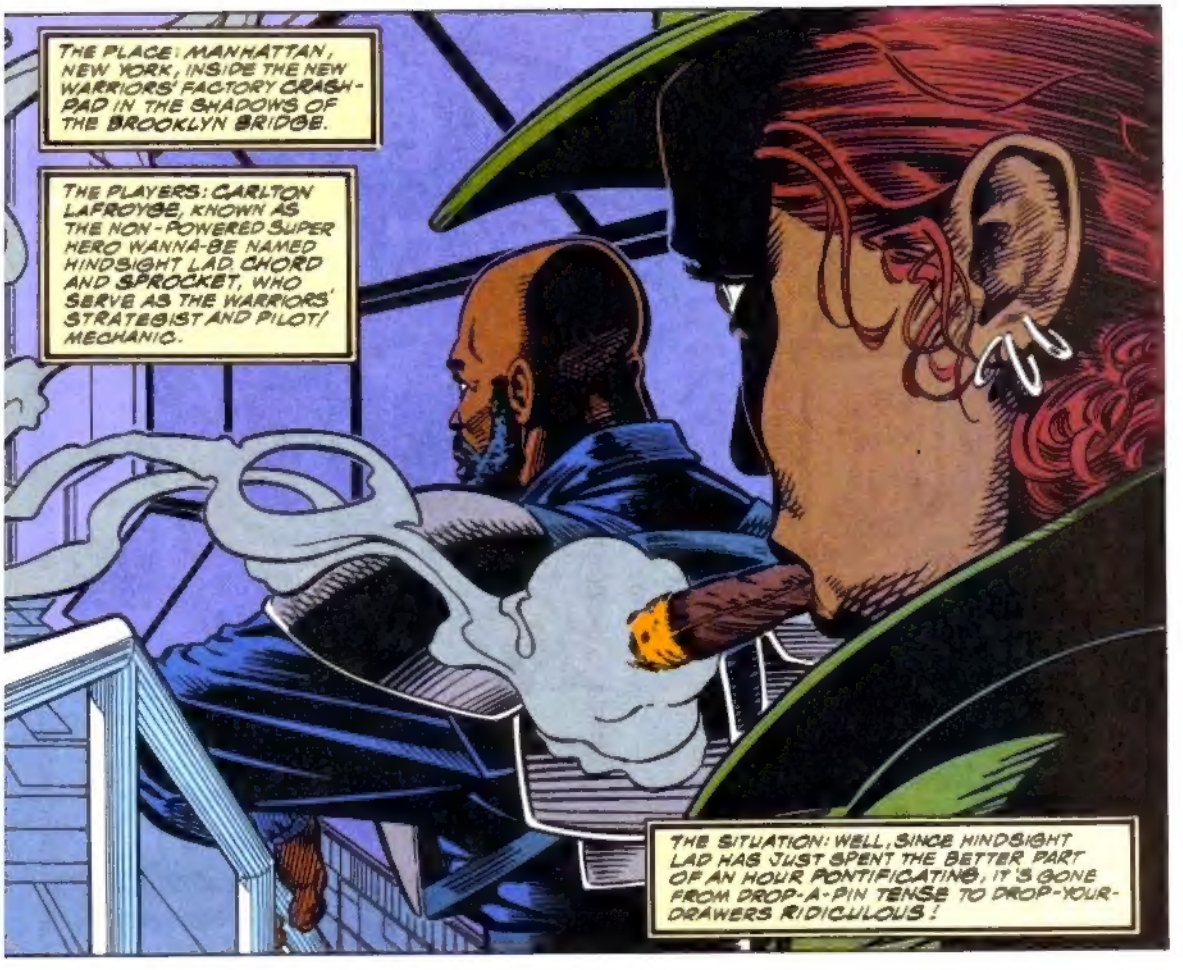
THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...



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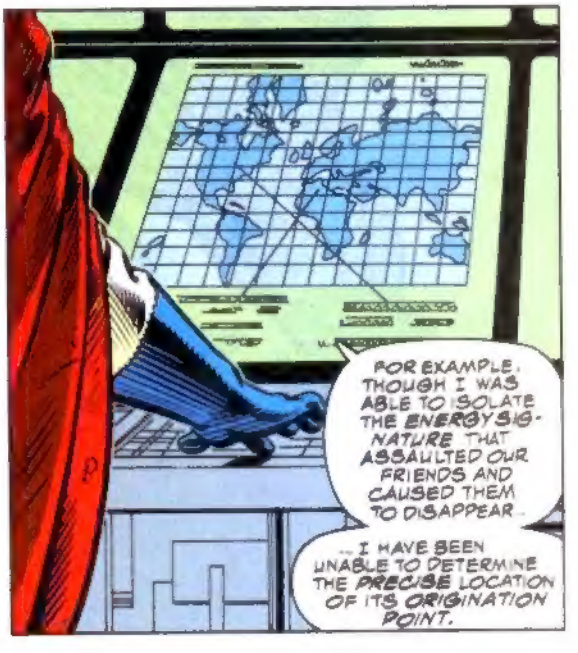
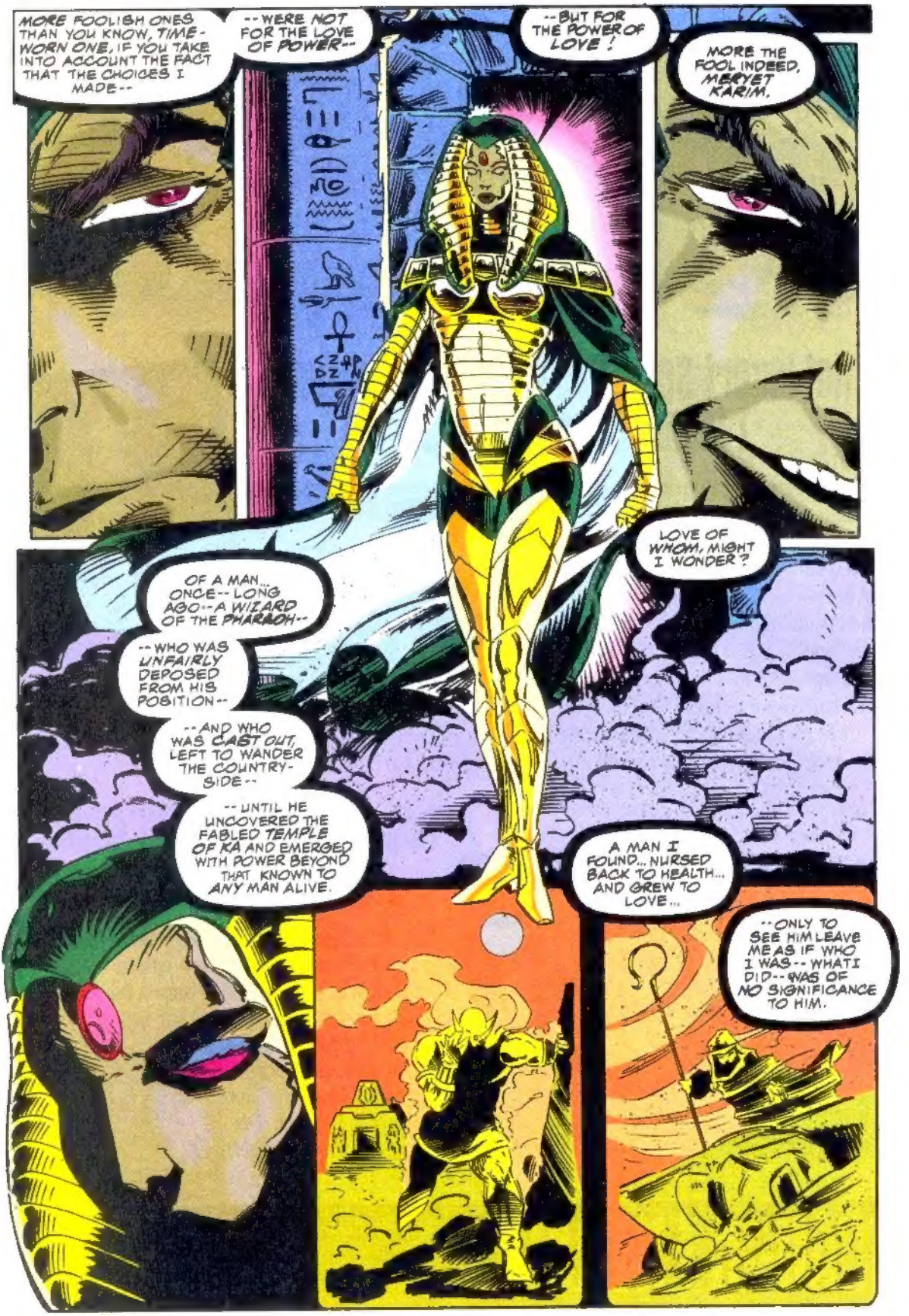


IT IS RATHER FRUSTRATING INDEED, BEING ABLE TO BACK-TRACK THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE THAT OUR FRIENDS WERE ABDUCTED--
--AND NOT BE ABLE TO FIND WHERE THEY HAVE GONE--OR WHERE THE SPHINX IS CURRENTLY HIDING!
LUCKILY, THRASH AND I HAD BEEN PREPARING TO CONTACT SOME POTENTIAL NEW MEMBERS WHEN HE DISAPPEARED--
YOU SEEM TO KEEP MISSING THE POINT!
HUMPH... I HAVE TRIANGULATED THE SPEED AND ANGLE OF THE ENERGY TRANSMISSION, TAKING INTO ACCOUNT...
CARLTON--YOU CAN'T GO OUT AND GATHER A NEW TEAM OF WARRIORS BECAUSE--
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY POWERS!

NOT TO SOUND RUDE, SIR, BUT NEITHER DO EITHER OF YOU. SO...
... IF NOT ME, THEN WHO?
THAT WOULD BE ME..
I WAS... WITH... SILHOUETTE WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED
EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T WANT T'COME HERE, I KNEW IF I WANTED T'FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED T'HER, I HAD NO CHOICE.
YOU--?!
YOU'RE BANDIT, AREN'T YOU, KID?
THE ONE WHO CLAIMED TO BE DWAYNE TAYLOR'S ILLEGITIMATE BROTHER?!
I AM HIS HALF-BROTHER, CHORD--
--AND AS MUCH AS I HATE HIM--HATE YOU--AND HATE EVERYTHING THIS PLACE, THIS TEAM OF HIS--STANDS FOR--
-- I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER SIL--AND IF FINDING HER MEANS I HAVE TO WORK WITH YOU, WELL THEN...
... I GUESS YOU GOT YOURSELVES A LEADER FOR YOUR NEW WARRIORS!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID BUILT FOR KA, THE GOD OF ETERNAL TIME--
--A MAN AS OLD AS THE STONES OF THIS EDIFICE CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY DEEPER INTO THE PYRAMID'S BURIAL CHAMBER...
I CAN SENSE IT WAS HERE THAT SHE WAS LAID TO REST--
--AND HERE THAT SHE FOUND A WAY TO RECOVER THE AMBIENT ENERGIES OF KA AND CHANNEL THEM INTO HER OWN BODY.
THIS BODY WAS NOT HER FIRST...
...BUT HERE WAS SHE BURIED WITH THE SCEPTER OF KA, WHICH SHE RECOVERED AND USED A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AGO--
--TO STEAL THOSE ENERGIES WHICH WERE TEMPORARILY BEYOND MY GRASP.
ALAS, POOR WOMAN, FOR THE LOVE OF POWER--
--WHAT FOOLISH COURSES HAVE YOU CHOSEN?


MORE FOOLISH ONES THAN YOU KNOW, TIME-WORN ONE, IF YOU TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE FACT THAT THE CHOICES I MADE--
--WERE NOT FOR THE LOVE OF POWER--
--BUT FOR THE POWER OF LOVE!
MORE THE FOOL INDEED, MERYET KARIM.
OF A MAN... ONCE--LONG AGO--A WIZARD OF THE PHARAOH--
--WHO WAS UNFAIRLY DEPOSED FROM HIS POSITION--
--AND WHO WAS CAST OUT, LEFT TO WANDER THE COUNTRY-SIDE--
--UNTIL HE UNCOVERED THE FABLED TEMPLE OF KA AND EMERGED WITH POWER BEYOND THAT KNOWN TO ANY MAN ALIVE.
LOVE OF WHOM, MIGHT I WONDER?
A MAN I FOUND... NURSED BACK TO HEALTH... AND GREW TO LOVE...
--ONLY TO SEE HIM LEAVE ME AS IF WHO I WAS--WHAT I DID--WAS OF NO SIGNIFICANCE TO HIM.

YOU--?
THE STUPID, PEASANT COW WHO ASKED TO COME WITH ME, LO THOSE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO? BUT HOW--?
YOU WERE NOT IN CONTROL OF YOUR ENERGIES THEN-- I ABSORBED ENOUGH OF THE KA TO BECOME--
--AN UNWITTING AND UNWILLING TRAVELER THROUGH TIME--
--FORCED TO BECOME A PERPETUAL REINCARNATE, BOUNCING FROM ONE BODY TO THE NEXT, ONE LIFE TO THE NEXT--
SCHEMING, WAITING, UNTIL THE DAY WHEN YOU COULD STEAL MY MANTLE OF POWER FROM ME?
NO... JUST WAITING...
...TO HAVE A CHANCE FOR LOVE AGAIN...
I TRULY DID NOT KNOW.
PERHAPS, NOW, THEN, AT LONG LAST, IS THE TIME?

SHE HESITATES, WANTING SO HARD TO BELIEVE...
... THE SPARK OF HOPE FANNED INTO A RABID EMOTIONAL INFERNO BY SEEING HIM AGAIN...
...AND THEN SHE KNOWS...

...HOW WRONG SHE HAS BEEN
TO TRUST TO LOVE. TO HOPE.
AS IMAGES POUR THROUGH HER, MEMORIES RIPPED OUT OF HER BURIED SUBCONSCIOUS--
--AS EASILY AS THE REMAINING KA ENERGY IS WRENCHED FROM HER VERY CELLS AND INTO HIS BODY--
--HE SEES HER END AND SHE SEES HIS.
THE LIGHT OF REASON DAWNING ON HER AS SHE FLOATS ABOVE A WORLD SHE CREATED--
--A WORLD IN WHICH SHE FUTILELY TRIED TO RECLAIM THE LOVE SHE NEVER HAD.
AND FOR HIM-- AT THE HANDS OF GALACTUS, AN ENTITY MORE POWERFUL THAN TIME ITSELF--
--CAST BACK THROUGH TIME, FORCED TO RELIVE HIS OWN HATED LIFE AGAIN.

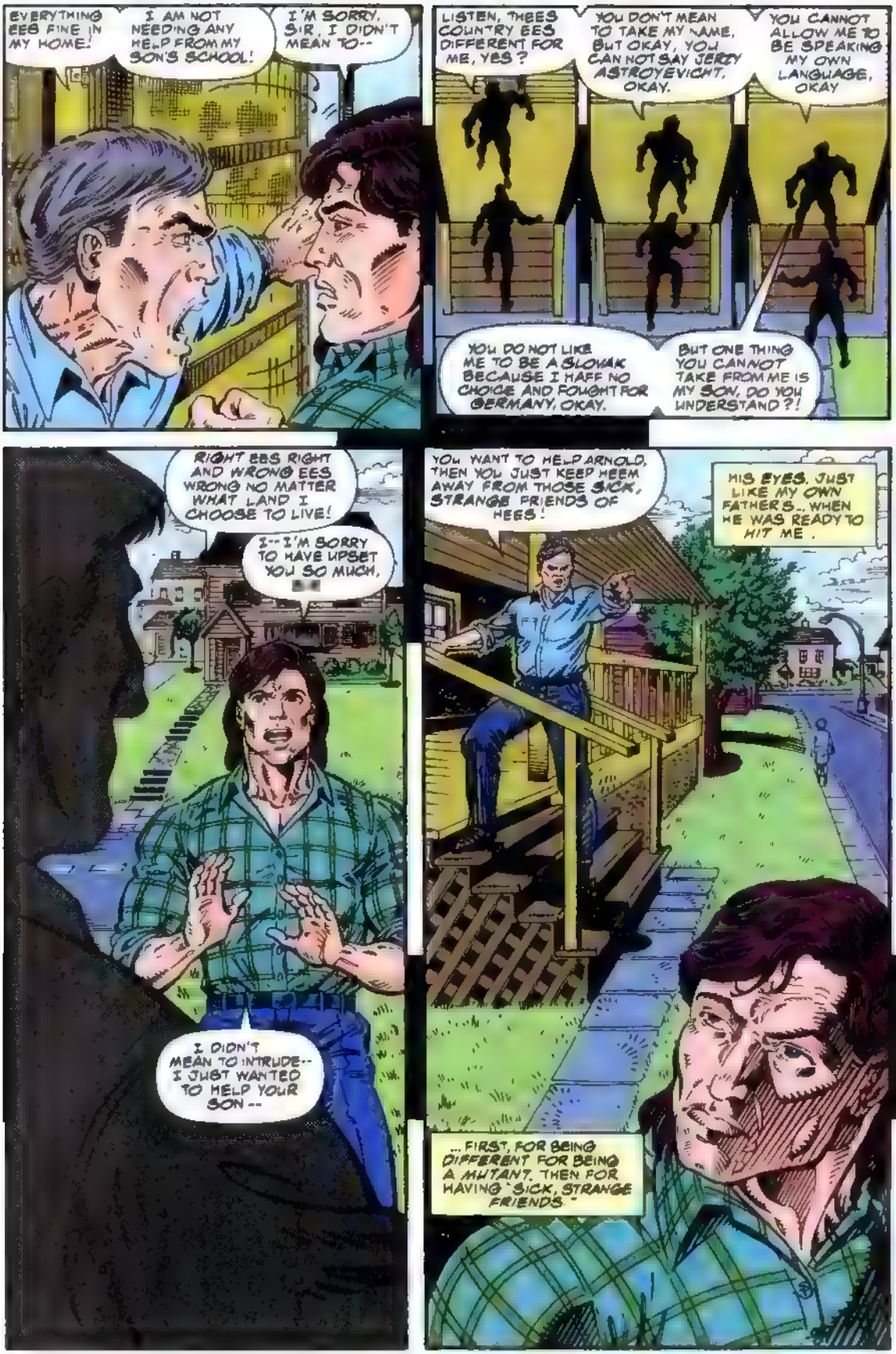
AND SO BY CONFRONTING OUR GREATEST FEARS, DID WE BOTH MEET FA LURE
BUT THERE IS ONE D FFERENCE BETWEEN US, WOMAN...
...YOU ALLOWED THAT DEFEAT TO CRUSH YOUR SPIRIT, WHEREAS I MERELY USED IT TO FUEL MY PASSIONS--MY HATREDS--
AND YOU ?
YOU HAVE AN EVEN MORE IRONICALLY DELIGHTFUL ROLE ST LL TO PLAY IN TH S GAME, WOMAN
--AND MY LUST FOR POWER!
AND LOOK AT US NOW I ONCE AGA N WIELD ALL THE KA ENERGY WHICH YOU HAD TAKEN FROM ME
HAV NG GIVEN ME THAT WH CH I NEEDED, I NOW GIVE YOU THE KEY TO TAKING IT AWAY!

HOURS LATER, AT THE UPTOWN MANHATTAN BROWNSTONE BUILDING WHERE THE POWER FAMILY LIVES--
--HINDSIGHT LAD AND BANDIT PREPARE TO CALL IN THE LAST OF THEIR RECRUITS..
YOU SURE HE'S GONNA COME WITHOUT H'S BROTHER AN' SISTERS?
I TRIED TO MAKE IT PAINFULLY CLEAR WHEN I SPOKE WITH HIM EARLIER
HE MAY NOT HAVE LIKED THE REASONS WHY WE WANTED ONLY HIM AND NOT THE REST OF THE POWER PACK--
--BUT I THINK HE UNDERSTOOD THEM.
SO, I BELIEVE THAT, AS MUCH AS IT HURTS HIM TO DO IT,
"..ALEX POWER WILL JOIN US WITHOUT THE REST OF HIS SUPER-POWERED SIBLINGS."
IT'S TIME JACK'S SNORING AWAY.
HE'S GONNA WANT TO KILL ME WHEN HE WAKES UP..
..BUT HINDSIGHT LAD WAS RIGHT-- THIS IS GOING TO BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE REST OF POWER PACK TO GET INVOLVED IN
I'M SORRY, GUYS--
--JULIE--
--KATIE-BEAR--
"--BUT I HAVE TO TAKE YOUR POWERS AGAINST YOUR WILL SO THAT I CAN DO WHAT THE NEW WARRIORS EXPECT ME TO!"
YOU TWO MUST BE HINDSIGHT LAD AND BANDIT, RIGHT? I'M ALEX POWER--
-- BUT FOR THE DURATION OF THE MISSION, YOU CAN CALL ME POWERPAX!

JUSTICE
FORGIVE ME FATHER
IT COULD ALMOST BE ANY YEAR -- THE OLD NEIGHBORHOODS IN QUEENS ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THAT TIMELESS QUALITY TO THEM
THERE WAS ALWAYS THE SENSE THAT NOTHING EVER CHANGED BUT THE FACES THEMSELVES
GET OUT, ARNOLD!! OUT!
BUT WHAT IF, IN 1963, AS TODAY SOME OF THOSE FACES HAD TWO SIDES TO THEM?
AND NEVER AGAIN!

NEVER AGAIN!
THE SIDE THAT THE NEIGHBORS SAW EVERY DAY, AND THE SIDE THAT USUALLY STAYED HIDDEN INSIDE--
YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN!
-- BEN NO CLOSED DOORS AND BURIED PAIN?
HA HA -- ARNIIIE-- HEY, ARNIE-- DID DADDY YELL AT YOU?
GO CRY W'T YOUR BONGO-PLAYIN, POETRY-READIN' FRENDS, ARNIE!
HA HA
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR OVER A WEEK NOW. I ASSUME THE SPHINX SOMEHOW TRANSPORTED THE WARRIORS THROUGH TIME
UNABLE TO FIND ANY OF MY TEAMMATES AROUND THE PLANET, I ALSO ASSUME EACH OF US MIGHT HAVE GONE TO A DIFFERENT TIME
HOW CAN I BE SO CALM, WHEN IN LIGHT OF THE FACT THAT I'M THIRTY YEARS IN MY OWN PAST--
--I VE ALSO BEEN DRAWN, BY SOME STRANGE, SELF-ABUSIVE NEED--
"YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN," TAKES ON ALL KINDS OF INTERESTING CONNOTATIONS FOR VANCE ASTROVIK, DOESN'T IT?
DAILY BUGLE Oct. 5, 196-
-- TO SEE MY OWN FATHER AND GRANDFATHER PLAY OUT THE SAME CYCLE OF ABUSE THAT WILL HAUNT US THROUGHOUT ALL OF OUR LIVES?

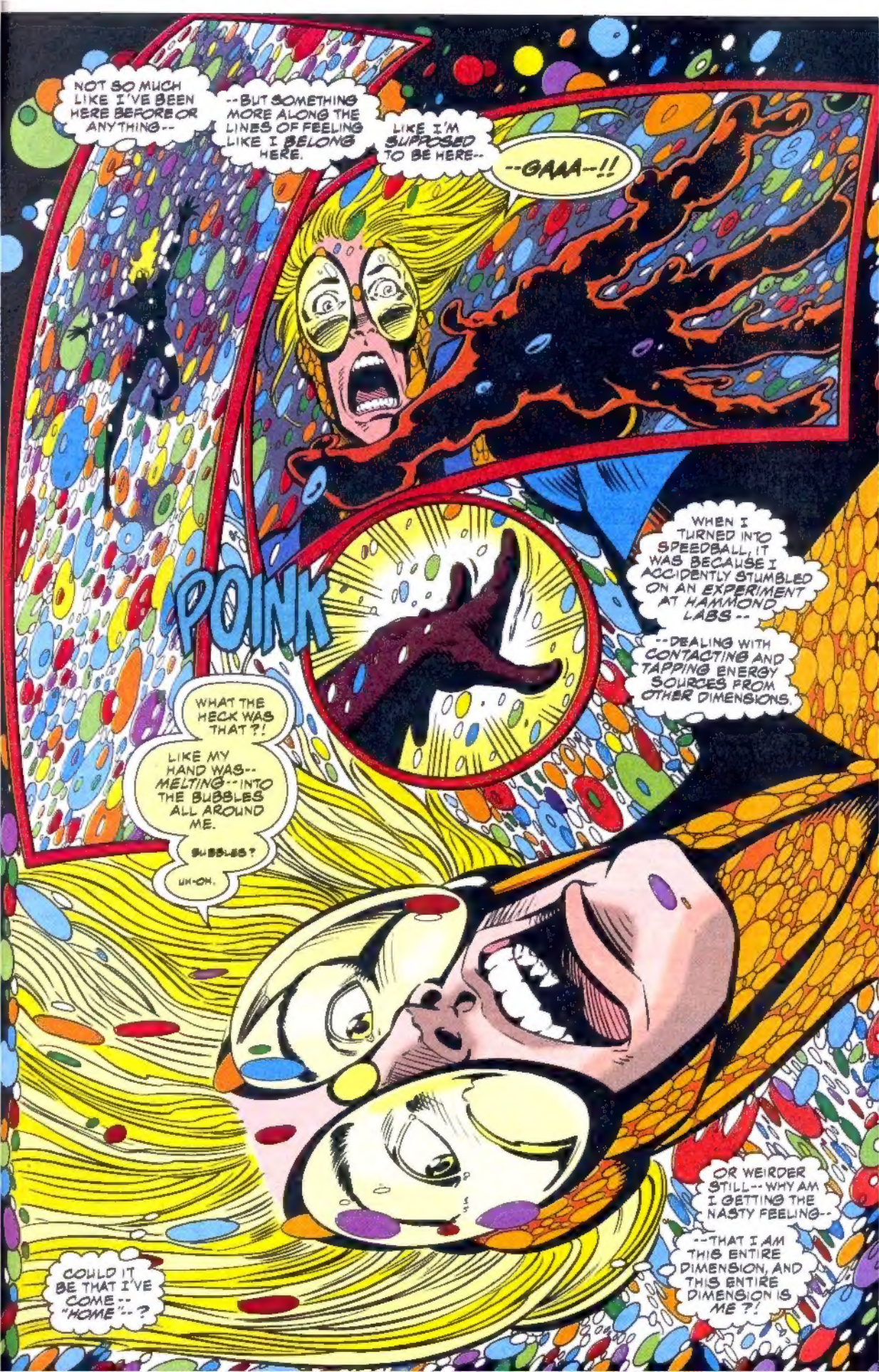
THIS IS WEIRD THE HOUSE LOOKS JUST LIKE I REMEMBER IT
IT'S BEEN SO LONG. GRANDPA WAS ALWAYS SO GOOD TO ME
THAT THICK, GRANITE, SLOVAK ACCENT SEEMED TO SOFTEN EVERYTIME I WAS HERE.
AS IF EVERYTIME I LOOKED INTO MY EYES, HE WAS FINDING SOME SORT OF-- I DON'T KNOW EXTENSION-- OF HIMSELF
ALMOST AS IF MY VERY EXISTENCE HELPED HIM SOMEHOW
IT'S FUNNY, WHAT YOU DON'T SEE AS A LITTLE KID, THAT YOU DO WHEN YOU LOOK BACK ON IT
IN RETROSPECT, I REALIZE HOW LITTLE MY FATHER TALKED WITH HIS
HOW LITTLE HE SEEMED TO CARE WHEN GRANDPA DIED
HOW MANY THINGS DID THEY LEAVE UN-RESOLVED BETWEEN THEM?
AS MANY, I GUESS, AS I LEFT UNRESOLVED WITH DAD
YES? WHO EES--?
MR. JERRY ASTROVIK?
YA
I'M A--FRIEND-- OF ARNE S I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD TALK TO YOU ABOUT HIM
ARE YOU ANODDER ONE OF THOSE FRIENDS OF HEES?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDER-STAND I'M-- UHM-- A TEACHER'S AIDE --AT--

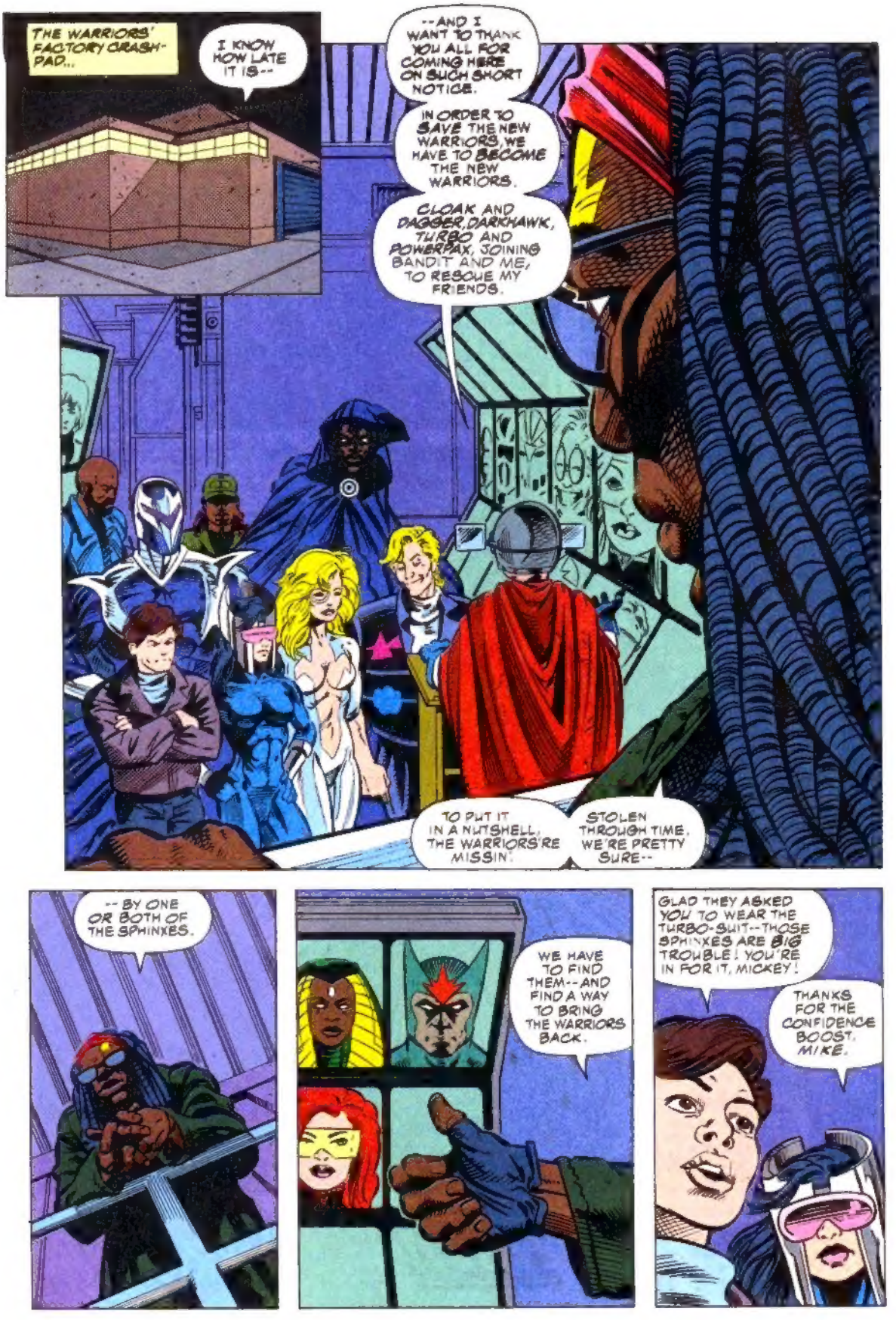

EVERYTHING EES FINE IN MY HOME!
I AM NOT NEEDING ANY HELP FROM MY SON'S SCHOOL!
I'M SORRY, SIR, I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
LISTEN, THEES COUNTRY EES DIFFERENT FOR ME, YES?
YOU DON'T MEAN TO TAKE MY NAME, BUT OKAY, YOU CAN NOT SAY JERZY ASTROYEVICHT, OKAY.
YOU CANNOT ALLOW ME TO BE SPEAKING MY OWN LANGUAGE, OKAY
YOU DO NOT LIKE ME TO BE A SLOVAK BECAUSE I HAFF NO CHOICE AND FOUGHT FOR GERMANY, OKAY.
BUT ONE THING YOU CANNOT TAKE FROM ME IS MY SON, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
RIGHT EES RIGHT AND WRONG EES WRONG NO MATTER WHAT LAND I CHOOSE TO LIVE!
I--I'M SORRY TO HAVE UPSET YOU SO MUCH,
I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTRUDE-- I JUST WANTED TO HELP YOUR SON--
YOU WANT TO HELP ARNOLD, THEN YOU JUST KEEP HEEM AWAY FROM THOSE SICK, STRANGE FRIENDS OF HEES!
HIS EYES, JUST LIKE MY OWN FATHER'S... WHEN HE WAS READY TO HIT ME.
...FIRST, FOR BEING DIFFERENT. FOR BEING A MUTANT. THEN FOR HAVING "SICK, STRANGE FRIENDS."

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
EXACTLY WHAT WAS MY GRANDFATHER TALKING ABOUT?
MY FATHER COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A MUTANT LIKE ME, COULD HE?
NO. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.
I SPEND THE NEXT TWO HOURS SEARCHING FOR ARNOLD ASTROVIK
STRANGE PLACE FOR THE EARLY SIXTIES. ONE OF THOSE BEATNIK PLACES YOU ALWAYS SEE PARODIED ON TV
I SPOT HIS BIKE OUTSIDE A SMALL COFFEE SHOP IN FOREST HILLS.
NORTH
AND ONCE I SEE HIM INSIDE--
-- I REALIZE WHAT MY FATHER WAS.
NOT THE KIND OF PLACE I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED MY FATHER TO HANG OUT IN
BUT HE'S... DIFFERENT-- HIS CLOTHES, HIS FRIENDS-- HE DOESN'T PLAY VARSITY FOOTBALL LIKE HE TOLD ME HE DID--
--HE'S NOT THE TEENAGER I THOUGHT HE WAS.
THEN WHAT IS HE?
AND ALL AT ONCE, IT HITS ME--
--IT'S LIKE A TON OF BRICKS AND AN INCREDIBLE WEIGHT OFF MY BACK ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

AND EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I CAN'T STOP THE ARNOLD ASTROVIK I GREW UP WITH FROM HATING HIS OWN LIFE--
--I CAN TRY TO HELP THIS ONE, AND SPLINTERING TIMELINES CAN GO HANG!..
ARNOLD-- HE'S NOT GOING TO STOP.
WHO ARE YOU--? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I'M SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN THROUGH WHAT YOU HAVE, IN A WAY.
I KNOW-- THE KIND OF MAN YOUR FATHER IS-- HE'S NOT GOING TO STOP BEATING HIS OWN PREJUDICES OUT OF YOU
AND HE'LL KEEP ON HITTING YOU UNTIL HE'S BEATEN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OUT OF YOU, IF NOT THE PHYSICAL ONE
I KNOW-- I MEAN, HE CAUGHT ME WITH BRADLEY ONCE ALREADY
THAT'S WHY IT'S OVER-- AS OF TONIGHT-- I'LL BE WHAT HE WANTS ME TO BE
THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER, ARNOLD
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S MEANT TO BE, ISN'T IT?
ISN'T IT?
NO MATTER HOW HARD IT IS, YOU HAVE TO STAND UP TO HIM-- YOU HAVE TO BE WHO YOU ARE.
WHY? I CAN'T WIN. WHOSE LIFE AM I RUINING BUT MY OWN?
I'LL GO TO COLLEGE, BECOME AN ACCOUNTANT, GET MARRIED, HAVE A KID AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER
NO, ISN'T-- AND I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING!
TO BE CONTINUED!

BUBBLES.
EVERYWHERE.
FLOWING, UNDULATING, CORRUSCATING WITH HIDDEN POWER.
THE POWER OF MOTION.
THE POWER OF KINETIC ENERGY.
THE POWER OF SPEEDBALL!!
WHERE IN THE NAME OF SCHENECTADY AM I?
I WAS IN THE MOVIE THEATER, LOOKIN' TO SCORE SOME ELBOW OFF OF MICKEY--
--THEN PLINK, I'M GONE AND PLUNK, HERE I AM.
BUT I STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HERE IS.
ALTHOUGH... FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, THIS PLACE DOES LOOK FAMILIAR.


NOT SO MUCH LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE OR ANYTHING--
--BUT SOMETHING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF FEELING LIKE I BELONG HERE.
LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HERE--
--GAAA--!!
POINK
WHEN I TURNED INTO SPEEDBALL, IT WAS BECAUSE I ACCIDENTLY STUMBLED ON AN EXPERIMENT AT HAMMOND LABS--
--DEALING WITH CONTACTING AND TAPPING ENERGY SOURCES FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS.
WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!
LIKE MY HAND WAS--MELTING--INTO THE BUBBLES ALL AROUND ME.
BUBBLES?
UH-OH.
COULD IT BE THAT I'VE COME--"HOME"--?
OR WEIRDER STILL--WHY AM I GETTING THE NASTY FEELING--
--THAT I AM THIS ENTIRE DIMENSION, AND THIS ENTIRE DIMENSION IS ME?!


THE WARRIORS' FACTORY CRASH-PAD...
I KNOW HOW LATE IT IS--
--AND I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING HERE ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.
IN ORDER TO SAVE THE NEW WARRIORS, WE HAVE TO BECOME THE NEW WARRIORS.
CLOAK AND DAGGER, DARKHAWK, TURBO AND POWERPAX, JOINING BANDIT AND ME, TO RESCUE MY FRIENDS.
TO PUT IT IN A NUTSHELL, THE WARRIORS'RE MISSIN'.
STOLEN THROUGH TIME, WE'RE PRETTY SURE--
-- BY ONE OR BOTH OF THE SPHINXES.
WE HAVE TO FIND THEM--AND FIND A WAY TO BRING THE WARRIORS BACK.
GLAD THEY ASKED YOU TO WEAR THE TURBO-SUIT--THOSE SPHINXES ARE BIG TROUBLE! YOU'RE IN FOR IT, MICKEY!
THANKS FOR THE CONFIDENCE BOOST, MIKE.

To Be Continued In
NIGHT THRASHER #12
NOVA #7
THE NEW WARRIORS #49